THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

Volume XII | New York, Wednesday, August 27, 1930 | Number 17

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Published weekly and copyrighted 1930, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y. United States: $5.00; Foreign: $6.00; Canada: $5.50. Single Copies: $.10.

SOMETHING IN THE AIR

IT BEGINS to seem apparent that Russian Communism will be important to the United States for several reasons among which the little cenacles of class-conscious brethren in the side streets are not to be reckoned. For these a good defense can be made. They are often the victims of poverty, unemployment and social discrimination. If circumstances have addled them the fault is scarcely their own. Christians may well see in each of these hungry, baffled, impatient souls an indictment of their own collective failure to heed counsel sacred from eternity. One has as yet too much faith in the rightness and potentialities of America to believe that these groups will grow into an army strong enough to endanger beneficent institutions developed and defended through thousands of civilized years. No. The menace lies elsewhere. It can be traced to the genuinely sinister willingness of business to adopt, for temporary advantages, a program and a policy the ultimate effects of which may be disastrous.

We have already said that the morality of trade with Russia is not a matter regarding which off-hand decisions can be made. If the Moscow government purchases wares here and sends cargoes of pulp wood and manganese in part payment, the action seems entirely fair and above board. But when eagerness to increase this trade leads individuals or groups to seek the aid of the government and to suggest that the United States accord political recognition to the Soviets, the picture changes entirely. The national policy of non-recognition was not adopted for commercial reasons. Nor did it express, in the first instance, an opinion of Bolshevism. It was above all an instrument of surveillance over the political and social activities of the Soviet régime, and an action having a positive effect upon the credit status of Moscow at the bar of world opinion. To surrender it now would imply that the instrument is no longer needed, and that the credit status of the Soviets is an affair of no importance. Perhaps these things are really true. But we cannot find out whether they are by ruling out all evidence not commercial in character.

Now witness the discussion of the matter at the Williamstown Institute of Politics. Contrasting the tranquillity of this debate under Massachusetts auspices with the animus which colored several meetings of the Fish committee, the Nation naïvely remarks that the first "was marked by common sense and free-

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dom from politics"—that whereas Representative Carl G. Bachman in Washington performed as "usually only blackguards" do, Williamstown had "a sane and reasonable discussion." And we suppose that everybody who read the accounts of the Institute proceedings which appeared in the press must have come to the same conclusion. But what produced this tranquillity and sanity? Was it the famed Berkshire air or the circumstance that Mr. La Guardia was the only congressman on the program?

The fact of the matter is that, contrary to the normal Williamstown proceedings, this debate was staged and conducted from start to finish for a purpose. To abstain from polite diction momentarily, it was a frame-up. Mr. Ivy Lee, whose activities in behalf of prominent American interests have long since made him a warm advocate of recognition for the Soviets, brought together a group of speakers only one of whom was not heartily in favor of Mr. Lee's idea. This one was a distinguished German newspaperman, Dr. Paul Scheffer, banned from Russia by the Stalin government. Quite apart from the circumstance that Dr. Scheffer is not yet in full command of the English language, it was quite impossible for him to hold up, in two brief addresses, a parasol sufficiently large to shield the audience from a downpour of propaganda emanating from assorted Russian speakers, Mr. Lee, Mr. Paul Cravath, Colonel Hugh L. Cooper and that eminent representative of the press who actually denied the malice of Russian censorship on evidence which was itself censored. With similar adroitness, tranquillity and sanity were then injected into newspaper reports of the meeting. The whole performance was unworthy of Williamstown, unworthy of public opinion, unworthy of the United States.

We shall pass over the contents of this beautiful tide of oratory, say nothing of the effective forays into otherwise pleasant round tables undertaken by Dr. Scheffer, and confine ourselves to one point. At Williamstown Mr. Ivy Lee contrived to have propagandists for Bolshevism and leaders of American industry shake hands on the same thing—political recognition of the Soviet Union by the United States. The American argument was no secret and was most effectively phrased, we regret to see, by Mr. Paul Cravath. It runs like this: not to accord full status to a government as firmly established as is Stalin's is to enshrine a social and financial anomaly. What it means, however, is that if our industry hopes to get more Russian business it must cease refusing to recognize Russian dictators on the street. But why do the spokesmen for Moscow want that recognition? This query—which is undoubtedly the most important interrogation in the world today—was naturally left unanswered.

Convinced as we are that all discussion of the Soviets hinges upon this question, it will be interesting, indeed, to find out why Messrs. Lee, Cravath, Cooper, Bognadov et alii, in lovely harmony assembled, dodged it entirely. Does Moscow want recognition because the stability of its régime depends upon getting credit in quantity? The business of marketing wheat abroad which is badly needed at home, in order to supply the government with funds—or of any similar commercial maneuver—is necessarily dangerous and tentative. But if Washington will endorse Stalin and throw a mantle of respectability round the bloody hulk of his past and present, bankers of the United States may proceed to farm out money in sufficient quantity to render the U. S. S. R. a complete success. Thus a nation already heavily involved in the financial order of Europe and Latin America will add another to the list, thereby incidentally guaranteeing a species of tyranny which has been denounced from virtually every pulpit in Christendom. We should merely like to point out here two plain, simple, monetary facts: First, the welfare of the banking institutions which arrange loans to such governments as the Russian does not depend upon whether these are ever really paid back. It is the United States investor, not the United States financial merchant, who will suffer if the loans are not repaid. Second, there will be no investors unless Washington endorses the venture now officially blessed by Mr. Cravath. It seems to us that here is reason enough for insisting upon an honest, complete and impartial study of why the Russians seek recognition. And of course there are other reasons in plenty.

WEEK BY WEEK

A SUMMER bulletin published by the Catholic Theatre Movement has caused a great deal of excitement by reason of its outspoken condemnation of two current Broadway productions. One of these, a show concocted by the inimitable Mr. Carroll, was manifestly designed to sell out to the usual vapid sporting crowd before the police could turn off the lights. The other play is Lysistrata and concerning it more argument is possible. We have not compared the versions, but there is little doubt that the Aristophanic original would hardly appeal to many directors of conscience as an aid to spiritual progress. In all such cases a great deal depends upon the audience and the circumstances under which the play is given. College boys normally read Lysistrata (we recall having so read it under the tutelage of a priest whose virtue we continue to admire) without any great moral damage, but there is probably not an educational institution which would care to put the drama on the stage. It has the advantage of being the least time-bound of Aristophanes's comedies—that is, it is the least replete with comment on events regarding which the modern public has no knowledge. Nevertheless the real contemporary drawing-card of Lysistrata is its sex appeal, which isn't very formidable in Greek argot but turns out to be comparatively racy

Castigating the Theatre

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when expressed in up-to-date New Yorkese. This the spiritual director justifiably fears, though he may not wish to go as far as did a certain curé of Saint-Barthélemy, who said in 1665 that Molière was "a demon covered with flesh and dressed as a man, and the most terrible scoffer and libertine known to history."

THE recent career of the New York theatre has been characterized by a blight which has settled upon all the world's dramatic art, if we may judge from reports. Critics in Paris, Berlin and Vienna write, very much in the manner of our own sages, of plays which are boresome, silly, dirty, vapid. Revivals are usually greeted with applause as differing from the current output, even though singularly few of them enjoy anything like a run. It may be true that the world's good dramatic art is being institutionalized—that such enterprises as Salzburg and Oberammergau are pointing the way to the only possible conservation of the intelligent and decent theatre. Some cause must underlie this trend. We ourselves are inclined to think that a European observer has found it in the increasing habit of looking upon the theatre as an addendum to the night life of an industrialized population. Most of the patrons accept a play as an interlude between dinner with a brace of cocktails and a sojourn at a night club. They do not care to think, to meditate, to study—in short, to do any of those things which figure in the theory that the stage is a platform for either poet or teacher. Of course there is another audience, comprising lovers of art and literature. But this is necessarily small and cannot be recruited from the general public owing to the circumstance that theatre tickets cost more than most people can afford. It is an unfortunate trend, which undermines the morale of actor and producer. The fight against it is honorable but success is not to be expected promptly.

AS REPORTS of crop losses pile up, the nation beholds a picture of devastation which blends all too well with the general business and industrial depression. All the other ills of farming are more or less temporary and subject, in a measure, to correction; but the failure of nature to afford right conditions for the growth and harvest of produce is a calamity against which there is no insurance. It remains to marshal such relief as will once more tide farmers over a bad spell. The task is one for which Mr. Hoover is unusually competent, and the industry with which he has set to work in spite of the Washington climate has done much to restore the luster of the "old Hoover"—the administrator and expert of days before politics and congressional intrigue. Few jobs of this kind he has tackled seem more difficult, however, than this. The worst of the drought was felt in "patches" over a wide area. Transportation is therefore an important element in any plausible scheme for relief, and it is gratifying to see the immediacy with which the railroad executives have sized up the problem and made ready to handle it. Credit will doubtless also be made available on terms commensurate with the occasion. It is hoped that more propitious weather may do the rest with rains sufficient to revive hay and pasturage, if not to save a good proportion of a wilted crop.

The Drought

THERE was much intelligent discussion of economic issues at the recent Denver meeting of the Catholic Conference on Industrial Problems. Speaking on the basis of his experience as a welfare worker in Los Angeles, the Reverend Thomas F. O'Dwyer declared that a high percentage of family distress is due to low wages and unemployment. One welfare agency attributes 24 percent of acute domestic poverty to these causes. In a series of examples selected from his files Father O'Dwyer made the situation clear. He asserted that the remedy should come through recognition of the workingman's rights rather than through charitable relief agencies: "Industry has no right to use the labor of the workman, skilled or unskilled, for the attainment of its own and force a charitably disposed public to supply the deficiency in a living wage. Nor has the farmer, if Thomas F. Mahony's analysis of the Mexican wage-earner's position in the beet-growing industry, read to the same meeting, is correct. Here, indeed, is one of the worst examples of exploitation on record. But how to enforce recognition of such rights is almost as much of a mystery as ever. The problem inevitably narrows itself down to a question of unemployment and minimum wage insurance; and this, if one may credit Mrs. Helen McCadden's study in our present number, is hardly endorsed by experience. It may be that charity cannot, in the ultimate analysis, be deprived of a central position in the matter. From this point of view the study of Hebraic property law, as distinct from Roman property law, may prove to be illuminating.

The Same Old Posers

THE present hopes of Russia cannot be disposed of in a paragraph, but it is interesting to make a brief note on the subject, in connection with our recent comment on American Communism. Father LaFarge's dismissal of the latter, which we quoted last week, receives reinforcement from Dr. Samuel N. Harper, professor of Russian history and institutions at the University of Chicago. Dr. Harper has been making tours of observation in Russia for the last twenty-six years, so the results of his present expedition have a cumulative force. He finds that the progress of industrialization is limited, in spite of some gains, by the lack of native engineering and administrative skill; that the "class struggle" between Communists and non-Communists grows deeper and more bitter: above all, that Bolshevism is in no danger of spreading its contagion to us: "In the thirteen

Bulletin on Communism

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years the Soviets have been in power, Communism has made virtually no headway in the United States. The present standard of life in Russia is so appallingly low that no American workman, however humbly placed, would adopt Communism." Dr. Harper's conclusion is that, in spite of Bolshevism's splendid "press," the rest of the world is not as interested "nor as vitally influenced as the Moscow leaders or anti-Soviet propagandists like to believe."

The Jewel of the Just

A CIVIC leader of Dallas, Texas, is campaigning widely to promote a "respect for funerals" here such as is shown in Europe. Having himself been profoundly touched by the old-world custom of baring the head and genuflecting in silence as the dead pass by, he is making an earnest effort to induce public and religious agencies to foster these rites of reverence in his own city. It is easy to be amused by the lesion in such logic, and to point out the undeniable truth that European veneration for the dead springs from the unquestioning and absolute Catholic belief in the resurrection of the body. It seems to us wiser and more charitable to welcome the impulse to treat death as august, for what it is worth —and to add that it may be worth a good deal. A Catholic practice, even without the core of Catholic belief, is apt to be better than no practice at all. It may prepare some minds for Catholicism, just as good manners prepare children for benevolence and social-mindedness. And short of this, if this specific practice helps to cure even one American community of that dreadful, unseeing blandness in the presence of mortality which is part of the price we pay for our untragic history and our "achieving" temperament, it will be doing a humanizing and civilizing service.

In Honor of a Short One

BOBBY JONES is undoubtedly a canny wielder of niblicks and mashies, but the honors of the game are going to Tom Thumb. This gentleman has brought a new crop of sportsmen, knickers, quarters, earnestness, form and all. We spent the major part of a week-end looking for a hotel beside which there was no diminutive course, adorned with excruciating traps and rock-strewn hills and the upshot was that we produced a dollar and tried it out. The fascination is extraordinary. It proves beyond the shadow of a legitimate doubt that the trouble with most sports has been the premium they set on endurance, proficiency and ability to perspire. Tom Thumb golf is pure game—that is, it exacts nothing from you excepting a knowledge of how to do it. And if the thing is played like bridge (from every point of view), the participant can work up within himself tempests of excitement or despair. The shrewdest thing about the architects who devised this form of wasting time is the nicety with which they have injected the element of luck. What the forward pass is to football, or the contemporary agile sphere to the diamond, that the spiral curves of the impediments are to Tom Thumb golf. Essentially a complex version of croquet, this unpredictable amusement will assuredly increase the sale of putting irons and exact severe resolutions from anti-gambling societies before it finally becomes the model game which no boy will agree to play.

Divers Counsels

WE HAVE objected before to the occasionally wearying pertinacity of American critics on the subject of the bad manners of American tourists. However, we never meant to go as far as does that clever English journalist, Mr. Beverley Nichols, writing in one of New York's newspapers. We merely felt that the criticism was repeated too often to be effective. We never denied that Americans engaged in being bumptiously American on their travels should be suppressed. But Mr. Nichols does seem to deny it. Speaking, at least, for his fellow-Britons, he assures us that what they really object to is the American who tries to "adapt." Let our nationals speak their own speech, enter the most exclusive Pall Mall clubs hatless and clad in yellow tweeds, complain of the climate and the currency. That is being natural, and there is nothing an Englishman likes so much in a visiting foreigner. It is only when the American begins to broaden his a's and get his clothes in Sackville Row that the island race finds him intolerable. We doubt it. And when Mr. Nichols weights his argument with an instance from the other side of the water—an Englishman in New York who earned universal detestation by running down the British Empire and trying to use American slang—our doubt becomes active disbelief. However clumsily the alien may imitate us, it tickles the national ego to have him at least try. And we respectfully suggest that the English are much the same.

Shanghai to New York

THE same week which brought in news of portents like apples baked on the trees in Pennsylvania, and H. L. Menken elected to the Alabama Kiwanis, also brought Mr. O. M. Green, Englishman, late of Shanghai, to the columns of the Herald Tribune. Mr. Green would open eyes and ears of acutest disbelief at the civic authorities who have been lecturing us lately on our bad manners. He finds us a combination of boy scout and Chesterfield. When he lost his hotel, one of our courteous fellow-townsmen went three blocks out of his way to find it for him. When he appealed to a policeman for directions, "I thought he was going to ask me home to supper." Even the L change-makers enter the lyric. One of them "was a little severe on my uncertainty as to the value of a nickel," but was beguiled by being asked if he knew the value of a London "bob." "'Ah,' he said in great good humor, "you have me there.'" As to

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our much-advertised street noises, we are evidently not in it with Shanghai. We are, in fact, "extraordinarily quiet," and he gathers that "it is a point of honor" not to sound that horn which the Shanghai driver "uses as a weapon of offense to blast his way through." Finally, by way of good measure, we give so much food for $.75 that Mr. Green blushed to be expected to eat it; and it is all excellent. This is handsome indeed and whether we believe it or not, we thank Mr. Green for giving us, as he would say, the refusal of it.

FEDERATED AMERICAS

WHETHER or not the reluctance of the United States to sit down on equal terms with the powers who comprise the League of Nations is "childish," as Mr. Hamilton Holt would have us believe, it is impossible to doubt that international action is forming an increasingly large part of Washington's business. The statisticians report that more than one hundred treaties have been signed with foreign countries during the past six years, some of them—for example, the all too quickly forgotten Kellogg Pact—involving policies of the greatest political importance. It is true that so many agreements cannot all be absorbed by workaday public opinion. Even though a good deal of newspaper space were given to our relations with Greece and Esthonia, most of us would have neither time nor inclination to consider the problems involved. Yet citizens generally are interested in knowing just what the treaty program is effecting in at least two important respects: the conservation of trade opportunities and financial stability; and the fostering of pacific intent on the part of governments.

Now it is almost immediately apparent that the relations existing between the United States and the nations of Europe are quite different from those obtaining between the United States and the other peoples of the new world. In so far as the first are concerned, the present status quo hinges almost entirely upon the one great eventuality of the war. This changed the economic balance, shifting preponderance to Wall Street and its environs and inaugurating constant discussion of war debts, tariffs, loans and similar matters. Again, public sentiment eddied and whirled rapidly, so that a nation which had just been crusading enthusiastically settled down to a new siesta of "isolation" while Entente Europe could find no adjective too unfavorable to describe the quondam saviours of liberty and humanity. Most continental problems are of little immediate interest to Americans generally, and few of them can be permanently settled until the sums owing to the debacle of 1914 have been paid off. The best that can be hoped for is that intelligent diplomacy and reasonable statesmanship can pave the way for a more reliable amity than either side is ready for now.

But a citizen of the United States who surveys the continent of which his country forms a part cannot help being impressed by the uniquenesss of existing conditions. The international history of the Americas rolls on with scarce an interruption from the earliest times. Thirteen original colonies, expanding by purchase and conquest until one country looked at both oceans, might justifiably be proud of themselves. Nevertheless this growth, which was accompanied by forays into neighboring territory, injected fear of imperialism into the new world. When the Latin American republics say they are opposing the "aggression" of the United States, they are talking the same language used by their fathers after the Mexican and the Spanish-American wars. Canadian psychology, too, has always been affected by this distrust of Washington. In other words, the attitude of other American peoples toward the United States is not based on considerations of size or wealth but upon political tradition and an estimate of motives. Whenever a new outburst of "imperialism" manifests itself in Nicaragua, Haiti and elsewhere, the whole continent rings with I-told-you-so's and good will evaporates.

This situation does nobody any good. Canada and the United States, for example, are badly in need of cooperation. What the first has to gain is clearly revealed by the aftermath of prohibition legislation—a flourishing hotel and beverage trade which has enriched whole provinces beyond their wildest dreams of twenty years ago. The disadvantages now impending because of an awkwardly managed tariff law will soon be evident enough. And while it has often been said that Latin America constitutes one of the greatest prospective markets for wares made in the United States, the way in which the southern republics lean upon Washington is truly remarkable. Take for example the matter of settling boundary disputes which threatened to cause wars. Mr. Henry Kittredge Norton has recently analyzed this experience in an article written for the New York Times. He was able to show that disputes of this character form one of the greatest dangers to South American stability; that mediation by European sovereigns or powers has almost uniformly failed; and that the United States has often been able to effect a satisfactory and lasting compromise. Possibly no aspect of all our current treaty activity is so efficacious as this.

In other words, we seem to be drifting quietly and normally into a stage when the problems dependent upon right relationship with other American peoples can be solved advantageously and correctly if only the old legacy of "imperialism" can be thoroughly liquidated. Good will can be earned through service which is at the same time economically and financially profitable, owing to a gain in industrial stability. Leadership can come to mean "leadership for coöperation." It may be that endeavors to promote this by a closer international affiliation of American peoples are not to our liking, or can be construed as premature. But there is little doubt that we shall gradually come to see American affairs as distinct from others and suggesting unusual political opportunities.

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Places and Persons

MISSIONARIES AT THE FAIR

By GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

SPAIN has always worried travelers because it is the country where Catholicism may and does appear in the most unexpected places and demand consideration. It is disturbing both to Catholics and others this confrontation with the spiritual, this necessity to deny or admit the idea of God elsewhere than in church, at a time other than those rare moments when we permit ourselves to consider the essential. When a begging cripple names your wife his sister it may be what people call picturesque, but clearly it asks whether or not there is for you any reality in the conception of our being one family in the Body of Christ. When you sit with a village crowd watching a game of handball and the Angelus rings, and the players stop where they are and take off their caps and pray and cross themselves and start playing again, you are forced to consider, very unexpectedly, in just what degree of misery is your faith in and devotion to the Mother of God. When a dancer comes out of the wings in a third-rate music hall and the spotlight picks out the gold of a cross on her breast, it is impossible not to be reminded that God is concerned not only with the rich, the middle classes, nor even with the poor alone, but also and actually with the despised. Moreover in Spain the despised are concerned with God.

In this sense, for a foreigner and a Catholic, Spain is a catechism to which he must reply. He will find no new Faith, nor even a novel insistence on one part of the Faith rather than on others. But the Faith, the Creed, will be shown to him in fresh images, in unfamiliar language, at times and in places where he is unprepared, with the result that he will be asking himself how much and how deeply he believes—and how clearly he understands.

Take the case of Barcelona. You come up the coast from the south through orange groves, rice fields, olive trees; you cross some high hills that reach an arm out into the sea and you come down through factories and power plants into Barcelona. Barcelona is the richest city in Spain, a great port, and Catalan. It used to be independent and, like Genoa, had its consulates all over the world. Like Genoa, too, it claims Columbus. It has at present an International Exhibition. That is what you have come to see but you let it wait a day or two and visit the city. The city provides a needed transition from Spain to a World's Fair. Most of it is modern and some parts modern at just the wrong moment when the freshly discovered properties of concrete led architects to cover façades with writhing balconies, tortured wreaths of fantastic flowers, terrible caryatids holding up nothing. But what was built before and after this period is very fine. As everywhere in Spain there are the famous paseos, great avenues where traffic is relegated to narrow channels on each side of a central promenade. You walk down one of these to the port and ride on a ferry—the only proper way to see any port. When you are tired there is a big hotel with little tables and wicker chairs on the sidewalk in front of it and you sit there and watch the traffic go by—double-decked busses, trolley cars, six-cylinder taxis. They obey a red, green, yellow light system and it works. At the corner is a subway entrance. Barcelona is modern.

The Exhibition buildings are on terraces up the side of a steep hill. From the top you see the plain of Barcelona and the mountains behind it. A great cascade pours down the hill and disappears into machinery that brings it up again. At each terrace there are fountains. At night the cascade and the fountains are lighted up from under the water. The lights change color, combine colors, progress and diminish in intensity, play color symphonies. People who believe in that sort of thing should see them. When for a time the lights are plain white the effect is impressive and beautiful. All the buildings are faced with light like New York skyscrapers. Searchlights fold out in a fan from the top of the hill. You can see them thirty miles away.

By day you visit the pavilions. There are fine locomotives that you can pretend to drive; there are French, Italian, German airplanes. There is the Palace of Agriculture that makes you wish you lived on a farm. In the French Building hungry ladies walk round a huge circular glass case in which wax figures wear priceless clothes from Vionnet, Worth or Lanvin. The German Building is the most interesting technically of the lot. There is the Pavilion of Graphic Arts with fine printing and book-binding from all Europe. Finland exhibits codfish and paper. Japan is represented by kimonas and a tea shop. Sweden shows silverware; Denmark, porcelain; Austria, leather. You enter one pavilion out of three. There must be a hundred of them. There are restaurants, a stadium for football and track, tennis courts, a Coney Island amusement park. And on top of the hill stands the National Palace—the main Spanish exhibit—and what is shown there is Catholic art.

If asked—as the organizers of the Fair must have asked themselves—what was the finest and most impressive thing Spain could move into one building and show to the world, you would reply: the sculpture and the painting she has produced in the enthusiasm of her Catholic Faith. But when you find that this sculpture and painting fill a building as big as a state capitol with forty-seven great rooms and eight halls, and does

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this without touching the Prado in Madrid, or the great Exhibition in Seville, or, seemingly, any of the churches you have visited, you cannot help but be impressed. As you go through the rooms you will claim a share of this treasure. As a Catholic, it is partly mine for it is a common heritage, you will say, and do I not recognize Saint Peter by the key he bears and the young Saint Sebastian by the arrows that pierce him? You will be right in feeling as you do for it was this passport of Catholicity and this part-ownership that, in the middle-ages, abolished frontiers and created for a precarious and regretted period the unity of Europe. Of such a Europe very little remains and you are chilled by the worldly historical argument always produced against the Church. This Faith, the enemy says, which reached a height in the middle-ages so great that it gave actually a solution to the eternal problem of employer and employee, set aside the ancient punishment of the confusion of tongues, and produced the beauty that fills this building. What flaw was in it that it could not endure? Why hope for a renewal of Faith throughout the world when you had faith once in so supreme a degree and it failed? It is a cold bitter question but despair is coldly bitter—it is also the unforgivable sin. You are tired from seeing so much and you answer at random that the appearances of faith were great in the middle-ages but that God alone knows what hidden pride undermined the structure. You answer that modern faith is a forest fire burning underground and visible only in places: that we have not deserved and may never deserve the reward of universal acquiescence. But the atmosphere of the Fair is worldly and you answer with the prudence of the world. You think in numbers and you measure by size.

The day before you leave Barcelona you return to the Exhibition—perhaps to see the great locomotives once more imprisoned on their little bit of track—and you climb to the top of the hill for the view. As you pass the stadium you see just below you a building that you had not noticed before. It has a cross on it: crowds are going in and you follow. It is the surprise the Exhibition has kept for the last. It is called the Pavilion of the Missionaries.

You could not expect to find missionaries at a Fair. You had industry, games, food, amusement and art at a Fair. Since the country was Catholic the art would be Catholic. And art was art. You were either proud to be of a mind with the people who produced it or it did not interest you. It was in a museum and would stay in a museum where people could see it and critics write about it. It might indeed ask you questions about the men who made it but the questions demanded no answer and were in a voice familiar to you, subdued and refined. It was only serious if you took it seriously. But here between the football field and the loop-the-loop are missionaries with an exhibition of their own and you are in it. These men are priests: they are priests engaged in a service which not infrequently leads them to death. They are showing you as best they can evidence of the activity for which they die. You must look at that evidence, look at it seriously—and search your heart. You are trapped by one of Spain's surprises.

It is a large building but unbearably crowded with things to look at and people looking at them. It is packed with booths and a labyrinth of partitions and you have to follow the crowd. You skip from continent to continent; you are lost in unnamable Polynesian islands; you are in Japan, Africa, China, India. There are wax figures of natives praying before a God with ten arms, there are interminable collections of what one can only call souvenirs—musical instruments, charms, furniture—poor examples the curator of any museum would say. Further on you see a dismal photograph of a little frame church in a forest clearing. Everywhere are rough charts of statistics—a little priest in 1850, a bigger priest in 1900, a tall priest in 1930. The crowd pushes you past faded collections of native clothes: you go upstairs and you find yourself in the "room of the martyrs." They are shown in crude and precise oil paintings—beheaded, crucified, tortured. Their dead bodies are shown modeled in wax. On the walls are their portraits, men of all conditions, of all nations, but all of them martyrs. It is a chamber of horrors. You cry for relief—for the relief of art, the transposition of literature. You have facts before you, paintings that merely replace as best they can the photographer who was not there, and the facts relate often to men of your generation who died while you live. Do you want their death told in a poem? Your painter friends are busy painting Nude in a Window, House on a Hill. But do you want the death of these men to be told at all? And do you believe with any measurable warmth that they died to any purpose?

You come out of the Pavilion of the Missionaries into the early evening. The great fountain splashes gold and silver. You drive to your hotel and sit in the warm gold light of the comfortable lobby. Anna Pavlova is there. Tonight she will dance the death of the swan. Then for a moment you think of the missionaries somewhere in China, somewhere in India.

You had forgotten that there were such people as missionaries and you found them at the Barcelona Fair. They showed you facts. They showed you that the crippled beggar was in fact your brother. They taught you to abolish the picturesque and that all apparent differences in building, clothes, customs, language were due to conditions of time and space and amounted to nothing faced with the permanent major identity of man in all ages and in all countries. They said that the middle-ages had failed and that we as individuals fail. They said that as a Catholic you bore such a burden of knowledge that all humanity was not sufficient to share it and that this knowledge was the Faith. But what they did most of all was to show you for a moment that mysterious minority of the spirit who suffer for you and for the world. And the sight brought you to your knees.

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GUILT UNDER PROHIBITION

By SUMMERFIELD BALDWIN

THE language of the century-old campaign which eventuated in the Eighteenth Amendment to the constitution, like the terms of the amendment itself, helps to explain the futility of much of the logic which has been expended of late years to refute the principle of prohibition. The campaign was directed against inanimate objects. Ardent spirits must go. The saloon must go. We must bury John Barleycorn. Away with the demon rum. Down with King Alcohol. The campaign was never directed against drinkers. No one seems to have dreamed of drafting an amendment to the constitution which would read: "The imbibation of alcoholic beverages is prohibited. Congress shall have power to enforce this article with appropriate legislation."

The morality of western Europe (what Spengler would call the "Faustian" ethic) has, from the beginning, attributed to the drunkard a guilty will. The moral theologian has insisted that deliberate overindulgence in intoxicating liquor is a sin. The statute law of England has long penalized drunkenness as a misdemeanor, and colonial America borrowed this legislation from the mother country. The genius of European morality and jurisprudence, ecclesiastical and secular, has been its insistence upon the proposition that guilt is a property of the human will and of nothing else. The mens rea, to this day, is what the common law convicts and punishes. This doctrine has, naturally, involved difficulties. Delicts arising from negligence, for example, have called for much that we may designate as legal fiction in order to make deterrent punishment possible. To attribute a guilty will to the man through whose negligence a brick falls and damages a passerby is a hard thing. But maintenance of a principle is always hard, and the European, or let us say Faustian, soul has never flinched in associating guilt with the will alone.

Faustian logic views American prohibitory legislation with alarm. "You are attempting a patent absurdity," it insists, "when you attempt to attach guilt to the manufacturer of alcoholic beverages, or even to the man who carries or sells them. True enough, these persons are making something which a guilty will can turn to guilty uses, but in the final analysis, there is nothing which cannot be guiltily used. Therefore, to carry your legislation to its logical conclusion, the manufacture of everything should be prohibited. You should, for example, forbid the manufacture of automobiles, which are guiltily used every year to kill many thousands of innocent human beings and maim thousands of others. You had your laws against drunkenness; you had your laws regulating and taxing a luxurious trade. Why were not they sufficient?" Another line of reasoning proceeds from observed facts: "You patronize bootleggers. You evidently attach no moral obloquy to those who break your law. How then can you punish them by sending them to prison? Your law is evidently not founded upon moral principle or you would abhor those who violate it."

The plain fact is that these and kindred arguments utterly miss their mark. Prohibition is one of the first great legislative products of a cultural spirit radically opposed to the European. The "American soul," of which prohibition is a juristic expression, attaches guilt not to the will of man but to objects: acts, for example; but, even more profoundly, inanimate objects. Many things have, or have had, guilt attached to them: playing cards, dice, other gambling implements (even poker chips), cigarettes, tobacco in all forms, all pictures of naked human beings (even those innocent in intention), all books referring to the phenomena of sex (regardless of the author's will) and so forth. Preëminent among guilty things is, in the American ethic, the alcoholic beverage. It is irredeemable in its guilt. It must expiate its guilt by being poured down a sewer. Its maker must be subjected to fine or imprisoned not because *he* is guilty but because *it* is guilty. He bears the punishment of the beverage vicariously.

To understand this ethic, we must recognize that every soul, the real one of the individual, the figurative one of the culture, must somehow achieve a formula in which the existence of that which offends and is regarded as bad is so brought into adjustment with life as to make life endurable. The Faustian soul uses the human will as the formula. The will is, so to speak, the scapegoat of evil. Life becomes endurable because the Faustian man can always imagine the innocency of the will in others, or even in himself. Christianity has supplied the devil, conceived in earlier Christian times as the corrupter of the world, but by Faustian man as the corrupter of the human will. The devil has been, perhaps still is, a great consolation to Faustian man. Spengler was right in calling west European culture after the legendary type of man bargaining with the devil about his will.

The American soul, on the contrary, rejects the will from its psychology. It is thus, for example, that we can explain the popularity of pragmatism and, later, of behaviorism, in America. The thing done, the fact on the one hand, the thing on the other, is what the American psychology and the American ethic regard as the ultimate datum of judgment. Evil is inherent in the thing. Rum is a demon. The American thinks of the devil not as the corrupter of the will, for there is no will, nor as the corrupter of the world, "for the world is what we make it," but as the manufacturer of a certain number of guilty things. It is the concern of ethics and jurisprudence to put him out of business.

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Some not too intelligent observers of this phenomenon of American life have called the disposition to attach guilt to the thing primitive, savage, have compared it to the taboo. They really raise more questions than they answer by offering this explanation. If we assume that the American soul came to birth between 1600 and 1700, the America of 1930 is culturally contemporary with the west Europe of about 1180, and with the Greece of pre-Homeric days, say about 920 B. C. Yet at the high point of the Hellenic culture in fifth-century Athens inanimate things and animals which were "guilty" of causing the death of a citizen were condemned to destruction by the Ephetae. Culturally, fifth-century Athens would be contemporary with the Europe of 1700-1800, the America of 2450-2550. Surely, the Athens of Pericles was not savage or primitive. Hellenic jurisprudence and ethic reflected the Hellenic style of growth. To Hellas, the body was all things—among the rest, the natural bearer of guilt. We may say, then, that in its disposition to associate guilt and inanimate objects, the American cultural style approximates rather to the Hellenic than to the west European, without adding that this tendency is savage or primitive.

The present state of affairs, which both opinions admit to be disgraceful, is, at bottom, the result of a conflict of jural theories. The American soul has always been in what Spengler (who borrowed the term from the mineralogists) calls a pseudomorphosis. Many of its purest products have been forced to crystallize themselves in alien, European forms. This is preëminently true of American law. American law cannot punish a guilty will, because the American soul does not recognize the will. It prefers to punish things, or, failing inanimate things, then material actions. But its penal code is still forced by a painful process into English and European terms. Hence American legislative and judicial bodies feel called upon to fix penalties upon persons who contravene the Eighteenth Amendment, though to do so is abhorrent to the American soul, whose real object in enacting the Eighteenth Amendment was not to hurt anybody but merely to stigmatize the demon rum as guilty.

The prospect is far from disheartening to those conscientious folk who feel that the Eighteenth Amendment is a legislative monster which cannot be destroyed save by revolution. Despite the ranting of legislators, nothing in the constitution can be said to provide for the punishment of manufacturers, transporters, sellers of the guilty substance. No constitutional obligation rests either upon Congress or the State Legislatures to provide enforcement: fines and imprisonment for "guilty men." Even if such an obligation did exist, no legal power can constrain any legislative body to enact what it does not choose to enact. This has been abundantly demonstrated in the steady refusal of Congress to reapportion itself in accord with the Census of 1920, although, in that case, the constitution did not merely empower, but *commanded* Congress to do so. In the not very long run, one may reasonably foresee that all enforcement legislation based upon the Eighteenth Amendment will gradually disappear, that the Eighteenth Amendment will then stand all by itself, a great monument to the American legislative genius which can contrive to place the stigma of guilt upon the thing to which it belongs, and save the man from having to bear a vicarious punishment because of its guilt.

Meanwhile, to rail at American hypocrisy is absurd. America does not consider drinking either sinful or illegal. Even on the face of it, American law punishes drunkenness far less severely than it punishes makers of rum for the guilt of what they make. American law does not and, it is safe to predict, will never punish the buyer or drinker of rum, though, according to English common law ideas, he is clearly accessory to a criminal sale. But even the wets of America, in their heart of hearts, consider that rum is rightly stigmatized by law as a guilty object. All that America suffers from today is the notoriously dangerous practice of putting new wine into old legal bottles, a new cultural sense of guilt into old legal formulae according to which guilt attached to the will. This is not hypocrisy. It is destiny.

We may be perfectly certain that when enforcement legislation has fallen into abeyance, all agitation for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment will cease. Rum will never have the stigma of guilt removed from it and neither will the saloon. Surely one is entitled to inquire whether this jural theory may not have something in it. We laugh at children for addressing reproaches to the thing that hurts them, but in our very next breath we hurl imprecations at the hammer which has been guilty of hitting us on the thumb-nail. The hammer certainly seems to us a guilty thing at the time. It was an American wit who first called attention to the diabolical perversity of inanimate objects. Who, awakening with a heavy head the morning after undue potations, will deny that the devil has certainly included his fair share of perversity in the demon rum. Might the American people not go on legislative record to that effect without being called hypocrites?

Bound

Why is my stable door shut close
And all my horses tethered fast?
To keep me till my madness goes
And my wish to ride is past.

Why do my sails lie swathed so low,
And heavy anchors bear them down?
To hold in case the wind should blow
And I, perhaps, might drown.

Why are my windows dull and grey,
And all my burnished lamps turned dim?
For fear my love might chance this way
And I should follow him.

AMEY SMYTH.

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INSURANCE OR WORK

By HELEN M. McCADDEN

A time when many are jobless reawakens interest in social and industrial remedies for the evils of unemployment and poverty. Insurance under government auspices is one of the most familiar and frequently recommended of these. The following paper examines the reasons why public opinion has, generally speaking, been reluctant to sponsor the plan. Mrs. McCadden agrees that large-scale federal insurance "is purely a measure of expediency; and, like all laws that are built on utilitarianism alone, with no solid economic or ethical foundations, it cannot be expected to succeed."—The Editors.

MANY intelligent Americans have expressed themselves in favor of government insurance for those who are likely to lose their jobs in times of depression. Robert W. Dunn, secretary of the Labor Research Association, and Dr. John Andrews, secretary of the American Association for Labor Legislation, have lately joined hands with the Socialist who hopes for the governorship of New York, Louis Waldman, in advocating such a measure. Senator James Couzens has put himself prominently on record as saying that the American government will introduce this type of insurance if American industry does not do it. Last, but not least, we mention the name of Dr. John A. Ryan, who has frequently voiced the opinion, these past several years, that such provision for hard times, although merely a palliative, would be a good one.

Yet federal insurance for the unemployed is as far as ever from becoming a fact in the United States. It was not in any way included in the first actual step toward national interference in the unemployment problem—the Wagner Unemployment Bills, which are now resting safely, almost in their graves, during the adjournment of Congress. And there are numerous Americans of liberal tendencies, with a genuine interest in their fellow-citizens, who do not think that any good would ever come of building up, by government support, a fund against the workless days, months or years that may come to those who are now at work.

The actual arguments in favor of unemployment insurance under federal patronage are few. They usually begin with the fact that there is a need for some sort of action to aid the millions who are now out of work, and to prevent a recurrence of the want which the present crisis has entailed. Social insurance has met with success in the form of accident, old age and health benefits; why, then, should it not be equally beneficial in the problem under question? So the reasoning goes. It proceeds with the statement that most European countries have tried it, and we should not be backward. The greatest strength, however, of the proposal comes from the fact that it involves social legislation for the avowed benefit of the workers, and this form of bill automatically carries the approval of a great many who are interested in anything that promises the material betterment of the condition of the poor man and the laborer. Therefore, those who are in favor of such insurance, are moved largely by optimism and idealism.

The opponents of federal insurance against unemployment have thus far carried the day in this country, and they bid fair to continue to do so until they are bowed by a great emergency or by the weight of new or more forcefully presented reasoning. Our politicians, our big men of business and many of our middle-class and professional men are profoundly suspicious of such government measures, which, they feel, might be a little less helpful than prohibition. Why this aversion, we may ask, when nineteen other countries of note already encourage or compel their subjects to subscribe to insurance against the loss of the family job? Surely, it cannot be that Uncle Sam and his states, who have so prodigally blessed the people with revenue agents, schools, parks, mayors and police commissioners, have suddenly turned stingy!

The answer usually given is that federal action in this matter would be an infringement upon states' rights. But this point is weak, by analogy, for the national funds have been welcomed in cases like maternity benefits when the national government has stretched forth a guiding finger without compelling any action on the part of the states. The reasons for opposing federal unemployment insurance really go much deeper than that.

In the first place, there is the argument from economics. Insurance of the potentially jobless is so unsound and uncertain a risk that private companies, unless they are directly concerned with the individuals participating, will not undertake it. For, with the rapidly changing industrial conditions and the inadequacy of statistics for foretelling future events, the fund necessary for providing against emergencies in employment would have to be so gigantic that privately insured persons would never consider it worth subscribing. A child, with sufficient background in arithmetic, can readily see why an ordinary life policy, or fire insurance, is a good investment. But the cleverest financier would find it impossible to fix a suitable premium for insuring the payment of wages. For the average span of life, and the average loss in fires, changes but little in the course of a century; but the invention of a new machine, the changing of tariff rates, or the utilization of a new form of power will upset the closest calculations on employment. That is why private concerns have not tried this type of insurance, but have left it, a work of mercy, to the trade unions and the governments.

Another force operates to make this social palliative

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unsound from the economic viewpoint. The cases are but isolated in which the holding of insurance causes people to take their lives, or burn their homes, for the sake of collecting from the company. But insurance for the unemployed works in a vicious circle. Instead of provoking additional precautions and preventive measures against the evil it would remedy, it supplies a new incentive for the evil. This is true because people who are paying a percentage of their wages toward increasing the government heap of wealth set aside for the jobless come to feel, after a time, that they are foolish not to collect on their premiums. They therefore lose interest in holding their places, and can easily find excuses for leaving or being "no longer needed." Furthermore, once they are out of work and are receiving government support for doing nothing, they are in no great hurry to find new positions. If the length of time, proportionate to the premiums paid, expires, the government must extend the duration or take the jobless worker and his family as charity cases; and by this time the individuals concerned are quite acclimated to being cared for by the kindly state. Thus federal unemployment insurance would increase both actual unemployment and the need for such insurance, which is certainly not the remedy we are seeking for an already grievous situation. In addition, since this type of help would in no sense be self-supporting, even if the government subscribed half of the total, it can readily be seen that such insurance would really not be insurance at all, but charity—the detested dole—in a new and more silken disguise.

In the second place, besides being economically undesirable, the insuring of the jobless of tomorrow is not sociologically well founded. It begins with the excellent theory that the state owes a living to all its members, who should be guaranteed by it against interference with their right to earn a living. But the greatest function of the state is to provide for the common welfare where the individual is, acting alone or in groups, impotent or unwilling. The paternalism, or state socialism, of which federal systems of unemployment benefits are an outgrowth or a symptom, has not proved itself a good to the community. It tends to set the good of the state above that of its members, and to perform functions which the members could, with sufficient incentive and proper education, do for themselves, to the greater gain of their moral and social stamina. More specifically, the legislation under consideration seems to make the workers less individually reliant and provident and less industrious, causing them to leave to the state and to their fellow-citizens the function of finding and holding the means of making a livelihood, and of saving, by separate effort or through labor unions or other similar organizations, against a rainy day. If it is objected that the salary of the worker is too small for saving, then it is also too small for paying insurance, and the remedy lies in adjustment of wages. Of course, it is well for the state to aid in connecting the worker with a vacant job; but it is demoralizing for any number of able-bodied individuals to feel that the government has the duty of supporting them while they do not work—demoralizing both for those who are idle and for those who are carrying more than their share, in the meantime, by continuing to labor. The principles beneath state insurance for unemployment unfortunately are assuredly dubious.

To add to the economic and sociological arguments against insurance of this color, we have the almost unbroken argument from history. Many a well-meaning state has paid its share toward the fund which was intended to make the employed more thrifty and more secure, and has waked up to find itself dispensing of its moneys to thousands of overnight beggars and loafers. Perhaps it is the thought of this spectacle that has made the legislators at Washington and in our state capitals wary.

Great Britain started the procession in this century by her National Insurance Act of 1911. Here it was required, not only that workers insure themselves against sickness, but also that in certain trades the employee and his master each pay equally to an employees' unemployment fund, while the state would contribute one third as much as their joint payment. This Act provided that the amounts and duration of payments to a man out of work should depend upon the number of times he had contributed out of his wages. However, it was found difficult to stop the state support of a man who, with his family, had become dependent upon the government, even if the insurance actually due him was long exhausted.

Since 1911 Great Britain has involved herself more and more deeply in the obligation to provide sustenance for the idle. She has stretched the application of unemployment insurance, first to cover war industries, and finally to include some twelve million or more wage-earners. Although there have been times when this insurance fund has had a balance, it has usually stood in debt to the government, which, in addition to its share of the premium, must then make "loans" of huge proportions for the relief of the jobless. Only two months ago the House of Commons, against the protests of the rigorous, had to vote an additional $50,000,000 for this purpose.

It appears that, while the English government has been trying to save the self-respect of its workers by conceding their right to a wage even when there is no work, it has really demoralized the nation economically. Instead of merely being tided over a bitter period, the unemployed have become an ever-growing crowd of indolent paupers. As far back as 1924, there were persons who had received doles in place of wages for several years. We are told that jobs in France, for example, are of no attraction to the English because the scale of wages is too low. Many a man would rather receive a bare existence, without any exertion but the presentation of the proper documents, than sweat and struggle for slightly higher compensation, or

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readjust himself to life in a foreign country or a colonial possession. This is especially true if he has the bliss of knowing that the government will hand him shillings indefinitely. Of course, no one can state how much of the present unemployment in Great Britain exists in spite of the insurance system and how much is directly due to it; yet it is generally conceded that the relaxation of the requirements for receiving benefits has not helped in the bringing together of men and jobs. Likewise, it has not prevented the problem from becoming so great as to affect vitally the rise and fall of cabinet ministers and governments.

Another large country which has tried out government-managed compulsory unemployment insurance is Germany. With this nation conditions were much more favorable for such an innovation than they were in England. For one thing, the people were much more accustomed to state socialism, and the state was more able to be inquisitive and paternal without becoming grandmotherly. Then, also, the system grew up gradually in Germany, beginning in trade union benefits some fifty years ago. Then came municipal assistance to the jobless in the form of labor exchanges (free) and insurance funds, and finally, in 1927, compulsory insurance sponsored by the national power.

Here also, in spite of the German thoroughness and the businesslike manner in which German political affairs are handled, many troubles appeared which no amount of painstaking law-enactment could push away. There is always the question of what to do with the man who claims insurance although there is a job he could have. Shall he be permitted to say it is the wrong sort of a job? Or shall he be denied the returns on his payments as long as there is any sort of work to be had anywhere? Again, there is the violation of human sympathy involved in turning loose to starve a jobless person who has long been fed by the state. This has caused an elastic clause in the German law permitting benefits to some men who have worked only twenty-six weeks in three years. The added facts that the payments, to allow a fair living, must frequently exceed farm wages, and that it is often possible and profitable to cheat the government administrators of the law have also tended to put not a very great premium on toil. In spite of multifarious provisions, precautions and ramifications, the German employment insurance cannot claim the success of the other social insurance legislation in that country.

Thus the experiences of nations have lent force to the opinion that large-scale federal insurance against joblessness is not a good thing. It is purely a measure of expediency; and, like all laws that are built on utilitarianism alone, with no solid economic or ethical foundations, it cannot be expected to succeed. Insurance of this type must be forced into closer harmony with sound principles before much can be hoped from it. Remedies for unemployment are certainly and immediately needed. But, in that category, national insurance does not seem to fit.

THE SILENT ONES

By J. F. J. FITZPATRICK

IN NIGERIA, which is in the White Man's Grave country, there was a native secret society, the society of the Silent Ones. In the days of its flourishing it numbered scores of thousands on the members' roll, and periodically large parties of them went on the warpath.

These excursions were very horrible affairs: towns were looted and burned; people were murdered; in many cases the murderers devoured their bodies. Bloodstained, smoking ruins and wasted farmlands marked the path of the Silent Ones. They moved at night, secrecy shrouded their doings, and they went in silence, speaking not at all. The terror they made for the ordinary native is indescribable. News that the Silent Ones were out was enough to depopulate the whole countryside. Men, women and children, terror-stricken, mad with fear, left home and farm and rushed to hide in the friendly jungle. Up-country trading stations were fortified and the traders armed; to them the wretched fugitives would go for protection. As a rule the Silent Ones went wide of those places, but there were cases in which the white trader and his people were massacred, the store looted and the whole place reduced to ashes.

In a district which the Silent Ones had ravaged pretty regularly there established itself a mission. The personnel consisted of two French Fathers. One, Moulain, was a middle-aged man, many years in west Africa, who spoke fluently several native languages. The other was a young priest newly arrived and quite without experience. The house they built and lived in was near a big native town, whence there ran a trade road forty good miles down to the Niger River. On the far side of the river stood a settlement garrisoned by a detachment of the Chartered Company's troops. The Fathers soon made a fine farm, and as they managed to grow—on land abandoned as finished—bigger yams and more yams than the townspeople were getting off selected land, their presence and efforts were approved by their neighbors, with whom they were indeed very friendly. Christianity was beginning to go there.

One afternoon the chief of the town came running to the mission. The man was all gone to pieces. He gasped out that news of the coming of the Silent Ones had just reached him. He said the story went that they were coming because the town had welcomed and was harboring the Fathers. Normally an intelligent, reasonable fellow, fear had turned him into a driveling, gibbering incompetent. He was too scared even to run away. He prayed the Fathers to leave at once. There might yet be time, he said, for them to reach the settlement across the river. For his own part, perhaps if the Silent Ones found them gone they would content themselves with looting and destroying the mission, plus a fine from the town. The prospect was not a bright one, even so, but if the Fathers stayed, then murder would be the portion of all, infallibly. And the poor, miserable wretch groveled and sobbed in his agony of fright. Father Moulain comforted him as well as he could, but sympathy did the man no good at all, and the Father took a different line.

"More than two years I have lived here," he said, "and you know me not! You think I fear. Did I fear when first I came amongst you? You were not my friend then, remember. And your people helped me not at all: they threatened me, tried to drive me away. Afterwards it was different. But in the beginning, you know how close to death at your hands I stood. Now today you come telling me to run away from

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the mission and leave it to a horde of bushmen whom I have never seen! [Bushman is the least pleasant label that can be applied to any native; in his parlance it means ape.] My friend, you mistake me. It is not for me to run away. I shall stay here. And you, go you back to your house. The Silent Ones shall not harm you, no, nor your people either!" And the stout little Padre, growling, stamped back into the mission.

Men turn in early on the mission, and the Fathers had been asleep some hours when, about midnight, a boy rushed into Moulain's room, screaming. The chief had been well informed; the Silent Ones had arrived. The boy cowered in a corner, moaning and weeping, quite beside himself. Moulain slipped into the white cassock that is the badge of all the Mission Fathers, and went out into the moonlight.

A wonderful spectacle met his eyes. Between the mission and the town wall was a great open space. This was filled by an army of men sitting down. By the clear light of the full African moon the little, thick-set priest saw that the naked savages before him were armed, and that many of them were daubed with white mud. Not a sound rose from the vast assembly. Perfectly still, utterly silent, infinitely sinister, the Silent Ones sat, thousands of them. And the little, lonely priest, black-bearded, white-cassocked, standing there in the cool, mellow moonlight, felt he could understand something of the awe they might inspire. In his own indomitable soul there was nothing of fear, and he advanced towards them till he stood clear of the shadow of the house. Arrived within a yard or two of the front rank he stopped, and in their own language courteously saluted them. No man answered. He continued:

"It is the custom here, when my friends come to see me, that they send beforehand to tell me they are coming. Then I prepare food for them, that they may eat and rest after their journey. You did not send me word and nothing has been got ready, but I will tell my boys, and soon they will bring food for the great ones amongst you."

There was no response from the Silent Ones.

"It is not the custom for honest men to come, unannounced, with arms, in the middle of the night, to see their friend. But you, no doubt, have good reason. What is it?" And he paused, vainly, for reply.

"Ha! Then, since you won't tell me, I'll tell you," and his voice took on another tone. "You are murderers. You are cowards. Like the hyena you slink about in the dark places by day; you fly before a child with a stick, in the sunlight. You are no men. In all of you there is not so much pluck as in one small dog. You call together a great band, and secretly, by night, you skulk in the shadows till the devil gives you courage to fall upon a sleeping man. Pah! I spit upon you!" And he spat.

"You have come to murder me. I am but one, unarmed. You are many, and in your hands I see spears and knives and axes. It is night, and your father, the devil, has given you all the courage you can hold, apes that you are. Come, then, and kill me! You bushmen!" He spat again, and then with a gesture of contempt continued:

"You fear to touch me. Why? See, I have no stick. You curs! I called you hyenas. I flattered you. You are rats!"

The small missionary told them off in this strain for another ten minutes. He was of an eloquence, this Moulain! His address finished, he paused for some moments. And still from the Silent Ones there came no sign nor sound.

"Stand up!" he thundered. They started to their feet.

"There is the road back to the jungle. Follow it."

No man moved.

"Go!" he roared, with imperious gesture in the direction, and he stamped his foot.

The mass, moving native fashion in single file, slunk off. The Padre watched the last of them depart and went back into the mission where, after searching, he discovered his young colleague hiding under a bed. He addressed him shortly, and went himself back to bed again.

Late in the following afternoon, dusty, hot, tired beyond words, there arrived Captain Jervis with a small column, pounding up in all haste from the settlement. (The White Man's Grave is a horseless country.) The soldiers had expected to find the mission just smoking ruins, and Jervis thought himself the sport of a false alarm when the two Fathers came out to greet him. They escorted him and his three white officers on to the veranda, gave to each a chair and a long, cold drink, and then the younger Padre withdrew. Moulain reported that the Silent Ones had been, and gone, making not much of the affair. Ending, he said:

"When you see the other Father waiting at table, assisting the boys, please take no notice. For one week he *is* a boy."

"Come, come, now," said Jervis. "That's very hard on him. Certainly it wasn't very sporting of him to hide under the bed, but he's very young, he's fresh to the country, and it is not given to many men to be brave at two o'clock in the morning. And he isn't a soldier, anyhow."

"I beg your pardon," said Moulain, very gravely. "I *beg* your pardon."

There resulted from the episode four things. First, the power and prestige of the Silent Ones were for ever destroyed in that district, and they went raiding there never again. Second, Jervis and his officers subscribed and bought for Father Moulain the very latest pattern of revolver, with hundreds and hundreds of cartridges. Third, the governing body of the company at home who had the reputation of, well, pessimism in expenditure, fired by Jervis's report, bought the handsomest gold watch, paid for a most eloquent and elegant inscription that completely covered its back, and sent it out with orders to the greatest of their servants to make a special journey ad hoc and present it to the Father with all possible ceremony. Fourth, and last, Father Moulain towards the end of his days found himself head of a large and flourishing mission on the very scene of his rencontre with the Silent Ones. That is where I met him. He used in those days to tell his visitors that there were only three completely unprofitable things on the mission, viz: himself, the revolver, and the watch, which took a dislike to west Africa soon after its arrival and never worked again.

The Youth and the Hermit

THE YOUTH

There are no damsels in the haunted wood;
No purple pennon flouts the tourney-stead;
"On windmills be his frenzy spent," they said.
But I have seen the path of greater good,
And follow, eager in their eyes to fail
For faith to make my quest the Holy Grail.

THE HERMIT

I know the summons in your eyes. Today
The altar waits where Galahad adored.
A thousand years! and yet again the Lord
Will send his knight when men forget the way.
Yours is the battle; ours at dawn to feed
The shriven souls his heavenly visions lead.

CHARLES SEARS BALDWIN.

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COMMUNICATIONS

A NORDIC CENSUS

Los Angeles, Cal.

To the Editor:—In submitting to The Commonweal a survey of the recent census of Los Angeles I assume that the affairs of this city interest citizens of the world more than those of any other city, with possibly two or three exceptions. Our circle of friends and acquaintances is unquestionably colossal. Over and above this, however, my appeal to thinkers is founded peculiarly on the theory that Los Angeles is really the show-place of the modern age. The past as an influence or a tradition is almost unknown here. And the tendencies of our ways and ideals are beautifully illustrated by the census, the making of it and the results of it. We are traveling rapidly towards the cultural nadir even if our publicity agents think of it as the zenith.

The press of the country has made a front-page story of our growth. There is no doubt that our population has grown remarkably. It has doubled itself every decade for the past fifty years, and our spokesmen pledge the same record for the next fifty! Los Angeles is now the fifth city in the United States, with great wealth and with industries of many kinds. The local press assure us that we have broken every known record!

Readers of sociological bent will be interested to know that this city is the only large city in our country ruled entirely from top to bottom by the race known as the "white Nordic Protestant." The population of Los Angeles, it is true, includes a very large number—probably more than a half—of Mexicans, Negroes, Orientals, Jews, Slavs, Latins and Celts, but politically they do not seem to exist. The Nordic race, or better the Nordic idea, is clever—one sees this illustrated here on all sides.

The chance cynic among The Commonweal's readers will be bowled over to hear that our growth has been officially endorsed as a concrete proof of the vitality of Christianity! Reverend Bruce Brown, D.D., of the Christian Church, on June 8 emitted the seraphic pronunciamiento that "the main reason . . . [for the growth of Los Angeles] is the standard that was lifted here by the Church." Having settled that I wish he would explain the number of suicides here, or the divorces.

These three points are indeed notable! We may well be proud that profound thinkers honor us as the fastest growing city of history, leading centre of Nordic culture, and perfect exhibit of the emolumental influence of the established creed.

Now I wish to state that if the Official Census of the United States of America for 1930 is no improvement on the census of Los Angeles it is worthless as a true and authentic record. Our census, as I see it, is a purely self-serving document, glaringly and openly false. Save for incidental items it has no weight at all. I do not charge anyone with wilful fraud, though it takes real will power to eschew this motion; what I wish to blame especially is our modern system of municipal and business ethics.

The first form of deception practised by this community in the census is material rather than formal. To the esoterics it is merely a quibble about emphasis. You see we do not make clear, nor do we act as though we ourselves knew, that within our boundaries Detroit, Cleveland, St. Louis, Boston, Cincinnati, Seattle and Providence could be located and still leave us land enough for our population. And if San Francisco (it once hoped to rival us!) and its 46 square miles were moved bag and baggage to certain parts of our 442 square miles, years and years might pass by before anyone discovered it!

The area, though, is legally ours; and, I presume, all the glory that runs with so much soil. There are certain well-established records of our acreage that we generously never stress. Thus only a few counties anywhere produce larger field crops than this crowded city does. No city in the world produces or ever produced such bumper crops of alfalfa! And even boastful New York falls far behind us in tonnage output of kohlrabi, okra, roselle, dikon, napa, taro, garlic and spinach —just to call off a few of our more common products!

The second form of deception is more odious than the first. This was practised in enumerating the inhabitants. Let me avoid any question of deliberate deceit and content myself with the statement that the errors, if there were any, were due to faulty adding-machines. May the Nordics be as gentle to the Patagonians if they are ever so silly as to attempt a census, or are ever so slouchy as to be caught padding the figures, of their dear Tierra Del Fuego!

This whole census idea is intriguing. China never had one, yet its heads are all counted. Mexico has just completed one with fine reports of progress all along the line. The government wasted no vast sums of money, and indulged in no nonsense: it simply issued the figures! We, on the other hand, spend millions, hire thousands of workers, buy huge amounts of supplies (thanks be to heaven no one ever suspected graft in federal purchases!) and get results, as in the case of this city, no better than China's or Mexico's.

There are certain circumstances that mitigate the heinousness of the scientific fraud alleged by me. The simple task of the enumerators was confused by superstitious complications of a grave character. The medicine-men had all predicted great totals for El Pueblo de Nuestra Señora la Reina de Los Angeles, as the city on the banks of the Rio Porciuncula used to call itself. But the predictions varied so widely that no matter what glorious figures were reached someone would be discredited. Moody's Financial Manual gave the city 1,500,000 souls; the local Chamber of Commerce said 1,427,480; and the Bureau of Health said 1,350,000. The differences among the experts of the two local bodies were embarrassing and hard to account for.

The Chamber's findings were "reliable" because its staff had made an elaborate check of "school-enrolment, directory count, water and gas meters, telephones in service and building statistics." Until recently our papers used to publish great charts of the garbage collections as an accurate and beautiful way to estimate our growth. In 1924 for some reason the offal study was dropped from the curriculum.

The Health Bureau gave no reason whatever for their figures. They didn't dare! The fact is that we really have a high death-rate but the Chamber's estimate of population drives the death-rate so low as to be absurd. The Bureau just balked and halted at the death-rate of 9.9 per thousand. And this arbitrary rate was used to find an arbitrary population total! After all a death-rate of 9.9 is no joke! Such a rate, if persisted in regularly or honestly, would mean that the life-span of a single generation in this Utopia would be 101 years.

The individual canvassers were typical citizens proud of Los Angeles, and proud to have any kind of a job in these times. Being human each one instinctively would be kind to himself and to his own. So when the corps started out to take the census of their home town, with every paper in a frenzy, with their pay dependent entirely on the names brought in, with their

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headquarters not in a federal building (where they most certainly should have been) but in the Chamber of Commerce, well, almost anything could happen, save one thing, viz., a low count! The count was over in the time required by law —but the total did not suit the Chamber! The gloom was terrible. So they got more time and, as one of the papers said, their second canvass produced very satisfactory results!

The first count was the legal census. It should be published. No gentleman would have questioned the decision. We had made complete preparations and the first figures, low as they may have seemed, gave the city all it deserved. I think a few affidavits ought to be called for. It would look better. However, as I elucidate my charge that the published census is mere twaddle, the hidden and true first count will be quite accurately disclosed.

In making an estimate, outside of a house-to-house canvas, of a city's population there is only one point that is fixed. Everything else is hypothetical. This fixed point is the number of deaths. It is a finding reasonably safe both against exaggeration and reduction. Real "experts" it would seem never study this total, for either it is beneath contempt or it escapes their notice. Bearing the degrees of "modern science" their work is to draw deductions from arbitrary assumptions that are based on other arbitrary assumptions. Yet by figuring on deaths alone any amateur may estimate a city's population with accuracy, incredibly better than the "experts." Common sense tells us that, barring epidemics, the percentage of deaths in a community varies little with the years. So, by taking a year in which the population is not disputed, the deaths of that year will establish the average percentage of deaths to total population in any year.

Taking all our figures from the World Almanac let us apply this test to other cities before applying it to Los Angeles. Let us first take the 1920 population and deaths, and taking their relation as normal, then estimate the population of the latest year for which we have the deaths, by this relation. Then let us put down the 1930 census and top it all off with the elaborate estimate made by the "experts" of the Chambers of Commerce.

Baltimore, 1920: deaths, 11,356; population, 740,172. 1928: deaths, 11,929; population, 776,577. Census 1930: population, 789,000, against 836,000 estimated by the Chamber of Commerce.

Seattle, 1920: deaths, 3,041; population, 310,659. 1928: deaths, 3,985; population, 363,830. Census 1930: population, 362,426, against 500,000 looked for by the Chamber.

Detroit, 1921: deaths, 10,356; population, 1,070,450. 1928: deaths, 16,061; population (estimated on 1921 death average), 1,640,000. Census 1930: population, 1,564,397, against 1,565,100 claimed by its Chamber.

San Francisco, 1920; deaths, 7,259; population 513,122. 1928: deaths, 8,274; population, 584,144. Census 1930; population, 625,974, against 756,188 claimed by the Chamber of Commerce.

Cleveland's 1920 and 1921 death percentage applied to the 10,344 deaths of 1928 show a population of 908,203. Census 1930: population, 901,482, against 1,072,417 claimed by the Chamber of Commerce.

Los Angeles, 1920: deaths, 8,274; population, 587,073. 1928: deaths, 13,557; population of January 1, 1929 (based on 1920 death percentage), 961,191. "Official" Census 1930: population, 1,231,730, against 1,427,480 claimed by the Chamber of Commerce.

In every city the death index is the most reliable. In most cities, that I ran over, the accuracy of this index was remarkable. Where there was a divergence, it was because the census as in Detroit gave less than the death index. And where there was a divergence it was only fractional either way. But alone of all cities Los Angeles ran ahead of the estimate based on the 1920 deaths, and it ran ahead not by 1 or 2 percent but by 28 percent. And they did this to save the face of the Chamber of Commerce. For when the first figures came in (the real figures, the April figures that should be revealed) meetings were held as late as May by the census authorities with the Chamber of Commerce, the Citizens Committee and others to try and settle their differences! It would seem as though the official census for Los Angeles is just an arbitrary total reached by debate and compromise. I surmise that the figure that shocked them was close to 961,191 and by no means 1,231,730.

In any case we know now that the death rates (deaths per 100,000) sent out by our Board of Health have been worthless. And our crime figures have been deductively criminal! All our high-priced professionals act like men possessed. We may well suspect all their varied and complicated computations on everything else. And may a "non-expert" suggest to "experts" generally but in particular to that array of statistological buccaneers on the pay-roll of the Chamber of Commerce of Los Angeles, pride of the Nordics and ultra-moderns, that they remember that, while anyone may make mistakes, the mark of the mental thoroughbred is to err, if err he must, by understatement rather than by overstatement?

W. A. Bixel.

"ROMAN CATHOLIC"

Louisville, Ky.

To the Editor:—A passage from the Blue Book, issued by His Britannic Majesty's government, reproducing "Correspondence with the Holy See relative to Maltese Affairs," furnishes interesting reading in the light of your discussion on "Catholic" or "Roman Catholic."

In a "Pro-Memoria on the Activities of Lord Strickland in Malta with regard to the Catholic Church handed to Mr. Chilton by the Cardinal Secretary of State on January 29, 1930," occurs this statement as proof of "the anti-clerical attitude of Lord Strickland's policy" to wit:

1-2* "He exerted himself in every way to violate article 1 of the Constitution of Malta, which reads: "The religion of Malta is the Roman Catholic Apostolic Religion,' proposing that the word *'Roman'* should be suppressed. Thus it was evident he could only disgust and offend the Catholics, for whom the word 'Roman' was precisely the expression which distinguished the Catholic religion from all other Christian confessions."

From this quotation it appears that the Catholics who shun the term Roman Catholic want to be more Catholic than the Pope or at least the Cardinal Secretary of State. The title "Roman Catholic," to which so many of us object, seems to be the expression which our coreligionists in Malta want.

Rev. Francis J. Martin.

Huron City, Mich.

To the Editor:—With reference to the name "Roman Catholic" allow me to say that at the Methodist Michigan Church where I preach every summer Sunday afternoon, and where people of many varieties of Christian faith attend, we asked on one occasion that every member of the audience sign a card giving name, address and sect. One lady wrote "Roaming Catholic."

Allow me to express my immense admiration for the letter of John R. Cody in your issue of August 13. I agree with him that the highest and proudest title is "Christian."

William Lyon Phelps.

Editor's Note: This controversy is herewith considered closed.

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BOOKS

Individuals

The Adams Family, by James Truslow Adams. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $4.00.

THERE will be few thoughtful men able to come away from this unusually able study of the ablest family in American history without a profound feeling of depression, and the biographer, who himself is no relation to the family of whom he writes, puts the case most epigramatically in his study of John Adams. "We", writes James Truslow Adams, "is a rare word in the Adams vocabulary. Its absence, for four generations, though apparently trifling, is of no trifling significance. We. The leaders begin to toss it carelessly among the people in this decade. *We.* It is proclaimed to the world in 1776. *We.* It rumbles resentfully through every village in 1800. *We.* It rolls from the West like an Indian war-whoop behind the lean figure of Jackson in 1828. *We.* It became a roar by the fourth generation of Adamses, who have never been able to say it because they have not felt it. They have loved their country as nobly as any; served her as faithfully and ably; made willingly every sacrifice—save that of feeling and saying, 'we.'" The individualism of the Adamses was never conquered; moreover the amount of ability in the four generations showed extraordinarily little dimunition, and yet politically minded as all the Adamses have been, their public influence declined in direct ratio to the increase of democracy. No Adams has ever assented to the deliquescence of the individual, and the result was the tragedy of the fourth generation.

Of all the Adamses Henry possessed the most original intellect. He alone was able to write books which have entered into our literary heritage, though every Adams has attempted it. The Education of Henry Adams and Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres are two of the masterpieces of American literature, and yet each of these works was the output of a man who considered his life a failure and his efforts futile, so much so that he published them privately. The reason for this is evident. At heart Henry like every Adams was public-minded, but he lived in an era when character, independence of mind and originality had become the reverse of assets in the political world. Of the four brothers, John Quincy alone had thrown himself into the arena, waging for years a hopeless struggle as the leader of a minority party in Massachusetts against the greed, dishonesty and self-satisfaction of the Republican majority. Charles Francis, despite his lifelong contempt for the business man and the life of business, had become ironically a railroad official, and Brooks a keen but ineffectual commentator on modern life. Henry would have liked to have made a place for himself in public life but, lacking the heroic quality of his brother John Quincy, was unable to bring himself to fight what his keen mind knew must be a battle which he could not win, at least with honor. And so at the end of his life he burrowed into the middle-ages, trying to find some meaning to life without the aid of faith, flirting with the Stoic philosophy and ending with futility. The most intellectual, and to the modern mind, the most interesting of the Adamses, he was yet the most completely defeated in his desire.

And yet somehow the feeling will not down that the reason for the success of the first two Adamses, why John the father and John Quincy the son became presidents of the United States, was that unlike their descendents, they believed. John Truslow Adams writes regarding Charles Francis Adams of the third generation: "After one has lived with John Quincy

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through the pages of his Diary, heard his agonized prayers and his imprecations on his and God's enemies, one realizes as never before that however more justifiable intellectually a mild deism may be, it is no substitute as a driving force, in a solitary man fighting a nation on what he believed to be a moral principle, for the stronger religious feeling of the earlier generation." And, the biographer adds, "around 1850 the Puritan God evaporated, leaving only the New England conscience." John and John Quincy had religion to support them, while to Charles Francis there remained only a tepid Unitarianism, becoming with Henry a tortured agnosticism. The Adamses were never "mixers" and they had as James Russell Lowell said, "a genius for saying a gracious thing in an ungracious way"; magnificent leaders as the first two were, and splendid diplomats as were the first three, they were unsuited for the traffic of Democratic politics, and were successful only because they lived in an age when democracy had not yet completely submerged the land. They possessed character, stability, balance of mind, independence of action. They were extraordinarily English and in some respects extraordinarily un-Bostonian, though with all their dislike for Boston only Boston, or at least Massachusetts, could have produced them. John Truslow Adams has written a book worthy of his subject.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

Forgotten Handicraft

The Technical Arts and Sciences of the Ancients, by Alfred Neuburger; translated by Henry L. Brose. New York: The Macmillan Company. $10.00.

NOW and then a book appears which ought not to be interesting, which at first sight seems intended for persons with very special minds and hobbies, but which turns out to be as absorbing as the latest gossip about royal ladies. Mr. Neuburger has written one of these rare volumes, which I commend to the professor and the farmer, to Mr. Chesterton and Senator Hiram Johnson, without a qualm. We have always realized in a vague way that the ancients made any number of useful or ornamental objects. But beyond admiring the Greeks for the excellent taste which characterizes their public building, or wondering how the Egyptians preserved their mummies, no great attention has been paid to the actual handicraft upon which all this achievement reposed. Scholars have, of course, been resolutely digging out information. The number of researches out of which a new insight into the actual life of long since vanished peoples could be gleaned is so vast that the mere process of cataloguing would be interminable.

Mr. Neuburger's book reduces whole ponds and lakes of this information to the dimensions of one rippling and swift moving stream, down which one can swim or sail with extraordinary pleasure. The best of it is, one need not bother with the kind of question which perennially accompanies reading of this sort—is it accurate? We who have neither time nor ability to consult the reports of Dioscorides or to meditate upon the mural paintings of Pompeii may simply take the author's word, conscious that with genuinely Teutonic diligence he has weighed one point against another and buttressed every assertion upon tenable evidence. You may simply sit and watch the magnificent panorama go by—the arts of mining and smelting, of tanning and baking bread, of pottery and spinning, of making clocks and stoves, of baths, bridges, sewers, ships and a thousand other things. Everything is explained to the minutest detail, there are hundreds of lucid and appropriate illustrations, and the author communicates his love of the subject without obtrusively attempting to do so.

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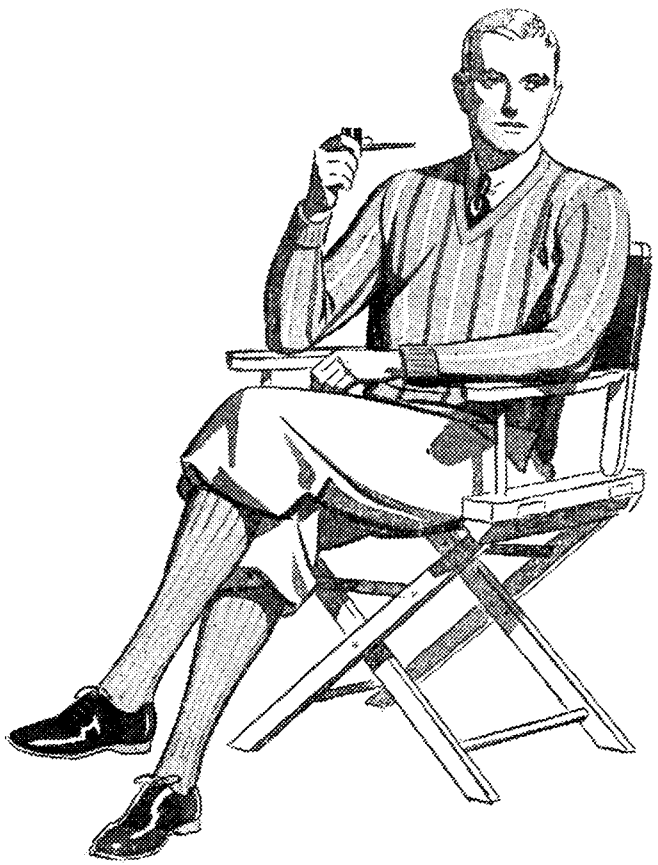

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The virtues of such a volume are numerous. No part of human experience is closer to the real man of any age than the crafts. By these citizen or slave made his living first of all, and then expressed both himself and the civilization which encompassed him. While the social system of antiquity was often grossly indifferent to human rights, slavery in the mines being especially shocking, the measure of inventive intelligence, graceful individuality and exact science brought to bear upon countless tasks is nevertheless something which might well render us of a technological era more than usually humble. Mr. Neuburger is careful to assert that the Greeks and Romans had few "secrets" and that their mechanical equipment was decidedly limited. Yet their incredible skill in beautifying their lives with the work of their hands gives testimony to the truth that art is quite as normal a human function as any other. During these thousands of years man was not an animal fumbling about for useful accidents, but a creature guided by inward light and hunger. Such reflections and many more are nursed by a book which has the charm of a picaresque novel and the exactness of a painstaking scientific study.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

Songs for a Flute

Behind Dark Spaces, by Melville Cane. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.00.

IT IS told that Dorothy Parker thought of calling one of her books, Songs for the Nearest Harmonica. Many things in this new collection of poems by Melville Cane seem to call for obligati on the flute. That casual and very personal instrument could match their brief wayward rhythms and somewhat fragmentary character. The flute sometimes magically sums up all that need be said, in a self-sufficient utterance that needs no harmonic development. But it is an undeniably thin music, that easily becomes monotonous; and men have demanded a great deal more than its faint tones. The contents of this book would endure no richer accompaniment; and the flute should have a rather metallic tone.

Mr. Cane is a poet very much of his time. In this volume he is very strictly an imagist, though like most of the second generation of imagists he avails constantly of rhyme. But Ezra Pound himself could not more ruthlessly cut off all excrescences of simile, all tropic luxuriances from the direct metaphor that fuses the thought and the word indissolubly, with the finality and hard glitter of a gem. Mr. Cane freely turns to contemporary themes and employs, when it serves him, colloquial phrases. Thus he writes very realistically of sheep in a train rolling to death and the effect of their bleating on men and women, children and nurses and policemen, sailors and tramps; and in a tribute to the late Harry Houdini he exclaims

"How could a dead magician
Put it over a live mortician?"

That is as close as he comes, however, to the acid irony for which Pound, T. S. Eliot and E. E. Cummings, in their several ways, have found the imagist technique effective.

Without reference to school or tendency, the contents of this book might be described as poems generally quite brief, in lines of irregular length, generally short, in free rhythm, and usually tipped with rhyme; direct in statement, spare in imagery, thin of music; without harmonics even where there are undertones; drawings in line without chiaroscuro, without shadows, with little mass and bulk; colors, grey and silver with flashes of grass-green and sky-blue, nothing more luxuriant; rarely hinting at anything poignant in life, or that men and beasts suffer,

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agonize, love, plot, glory, triumph, war and die; content with etching a scene or stating some unthought-of relationship. Some readers will want, after awhile, the relief of a shadow, a heartbeat, a swelling tone.

Melville Cane, then, is a craftsman who asks no indulgence in his chosen manner. One should not, perhaps, ask the fashioner of a delicate vase to paint big canvases of the human scene, full of warmth and color.

SHAEMAS O'SHEEL.

Shepherding the Negro

The Catholic Church and the American Negro, by John T. Gillard, S.S.J. Baltimore: St. Joseph's Society Press. $3.00.

DURING the early ages of the Church Christians were earnestly conscious of the obligation of preaching the Gospel to all races. That consciousness probably explains the traditional practice of artists representing one of the Magi as a black man. The exploration of the west coast of Africa, however, raised the task of Christianizing the Negro from the realm of art to that of reality. The Church met the challenge. The missionary followed the explorer. Since then the Catholics of Europe have constantly strained both their financial and spiritual resources to provide for missionary work among the Negroes of Africa.

In the United States, however, conditions exist which indicate the absence of a similar solicitude for the American Negroes. The accusation has even been made that Catholics have done nothing for the Negroes; and there has been a widespread demand for the facts. Father Gillard, a member of a society that has heroically labored for generations to minister to the American Negroes, has met the demand by a frank and scholarly statement of what has been done, what is being done, and what should be done by Catholics.

The principal value of Father Gillard's study is that he has made accessible accurate and detailed data about Catholic missionary work among the colored. The word accessible, though, does not adequately describe his service. For he not only published the data but he also collected it. And the results of his long and tedious researches are ingenuously arranged in graphs and tables which reveal not only an ability to collect statistics but also a penchant for military strategy. One can vision those burdened with the immediate obligation of directing such missionary work using his graphs as war maps to study the gains and losses.

But being not only candid but also courageous Father Gillard was neither content with tabulating statistics nor with describing vividly, as he has done, the tremendous difficulties experienced by the missionary among the colored in the southern states. He has presented also his personal views about such highly explosive questions as that of a colored clergy and exclusively colored churches. His courage deserves every commendation for it should induce others who are engaged in the work to commit themselves. But his treatment of such questions is unhappy both in phrase and spirit. The reverence for facts which characterized other sections of the work is there conquered by a loyalty to the attitudes of a former generation. There is danger that the unwarranted generalizations which those sections contain may antagonize the group that the author is serving so generously. It is also regrettable that this work, which is a scholarly contribution to the missionary literature of the Church, was not offered while in manuscript to a courageous friend for corrections and criticism.

FRANCIS J. GILLIGAN.

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Briefer Mention

Some Royalties and a Prime Minister, by Princess Marthe Bibesco. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $3.00.

THERE are useless lives, and useless books, useless inasmuch as they teach us nothing new, and entertain us but moderately, although they are what many would call well written. To this number belongs the small volume in which Princess Marthe Bibesco has condensed her impressions of the many royal personages she had the opportunity to meet. These impressions were first published in a magazine, and perhaps it would have been better to leave them there, because there is nothing here that conforms with the idea that a book is permanent. They are pretty sketches, but that is all. The only two chapters which are not commonplace are the description of the accession of little King Michael of Rumania, and the pages in which the author relates the incidents of her acquaintance with Mr. Asquith, later the Earl of Oxford, the famous British Prime Minister. Nevertheless, Princess Bibesco's book probably will be widely read in a kindly spirit, and still kinder admiration, by the hundreds of people who trail royalty and its doings. The volume is lightly written, and travelers will find it pleasant reading.

The Unknown Soldier, by Vernon Bartlett. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.00.

THE Unknown Soldier is merely another war novel. Mr. Bartlett has arraigned the usual horrors and purposelessness of war with a restraint which was absent from such books as All Quiet on the Western Front and with a considerable lack of originality. His nameless hero—destined to rest beneath the London Cenotaph—is kept well within the ranks of the average British soldier. This was necessary to Mr. Bartlett's idea but it lowers the level of the appeal of his novel. Nor is his device, a story of experiences told as recollections of an officer lying wounded in No Man's Land, very successful.

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CAPTAIN J. F. J. FITZPATRICK, a new contributor to The Commonweal, resides in England. The Silent Ones is a true story, the names being suppositious.

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